TV COMIC 6D

FIREBALL XL5

SEE PAGE 2

Every Monday — Week Ending 6th June, 1964 — Number 651

POPEYE

IT'S TIME I DROPPED IN ON MY DOCTOR FOR MY ANNUAL CHECK-UP!

OH, DEAR! DON'T YOU FEEL WELL, POPEYE?

OF COURSE I DO! I'M PERFECTLY FIT!

LET ME DRIVE YOU THERE! I'VE JUST PASSED MY DRIVING TEST!

SURE THING!

BRUMMPH!

WHOA! TAKE IT EASY, OLIVE!

THERE ARE TOO MANY DANGEROUS DRIVERS ON THE ROADS THESE DAYS!

PHEW! YOU'RE TELLING ME!

NEVER MIND! I KNOW A SHORT CUT!

HENDERSON.

DUCK, POPEYE!

AWK!

OLIVE! LOOK OUT!

CRASH!

STRANGE! THAT FENCE WASN'T THERE LAST WEEK!

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OLIVE-NO!

HOLD ON! WE'RE NEARLY THERE!

HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN SUFFERING FROM THIS NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, MADAM?

FIREBALL XL5

FIREBALL XL5 is on patrol in a remote region of Sector 25 when trouble develops in the Gyro controls. Steve lands the spaceship on an unknown planet for repairs. Venus and Zoonie go for a walk among the enormous plants growing on the planet. Suddenly, Venus is snatched up by a giant hand . . .

HEY, MAT, THAT SOUNDED LIKE VENUS SCREAMING! QUICK! HELP ME OUT OF HERE AND LET'S GO AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG!

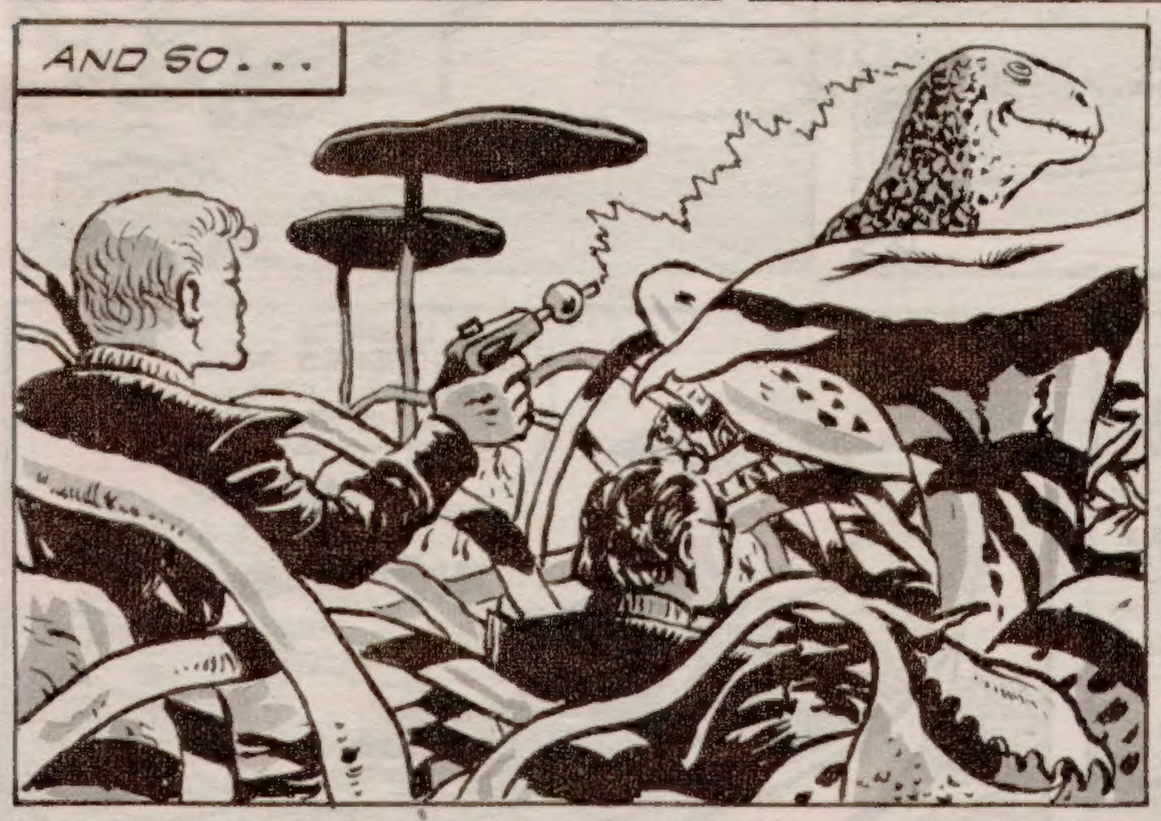
QUICKLY, STEVE AND MAT CLIMB OUT OF THE CONTROL CABIN. . .

STEVE, LOOK AT ALL THAT BROKEN VEGETATION! AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF VENUS OR THE LAZOON! WHAT CAN IT MEAN?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT THIS DAMAGE HAS ONLY JUST BEEN DONE. IT'S MY GUESS IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH VENUS' DISAPPEARANCE... COME ON!

THESE BROKEN STEMS SHOW US WHICH WAY TO GO, BUT IT SURE MAKES THE GOING DIFFICULT!

Based on the A.P. Films Ltd. and Associated Television Ltd. series "Fireball XL5"



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE JUNGLE THINS OUT INTO VAST GREEN SWAMP . . .
WE CAN'T WADE THROUGH THAT, STEVE, IT'S MUCH TOO DEEP FOR US!
NEVILLE MAIN

How can Steve and Mat follow the monster across the swamp?

FOO FOO and GOGO by Halas & Batchelor

HOW NICE TO SPEND A DAY FISHING...

HO-HO! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ANYTHING – THAT'S CERTAIN!

OH, NO? HOW'S THAT?

AH! NOW I'VE GOT A BITE! I'LL SHOW HIM!

HUH?

HA-HA-HA-HA!

LAUGH AT ME, WOULD HE? GRR! I'LL FIX HIM!

THAT MOTOR-BOAT GIVES ME AN IDEA...

NOW HE'S ASLEEP I'LL CREEP OVER TO THE BOAT- HEH-HEH!

Z Z Z Z Z

HO-HO! WAKE UP SLEEPY!

ZOOM!

THAT'S FRIGHTENED ALL THE FISH AWAY FROM HIS FLOAT FOR TODAY- HUH?

RIP!

YEOW!

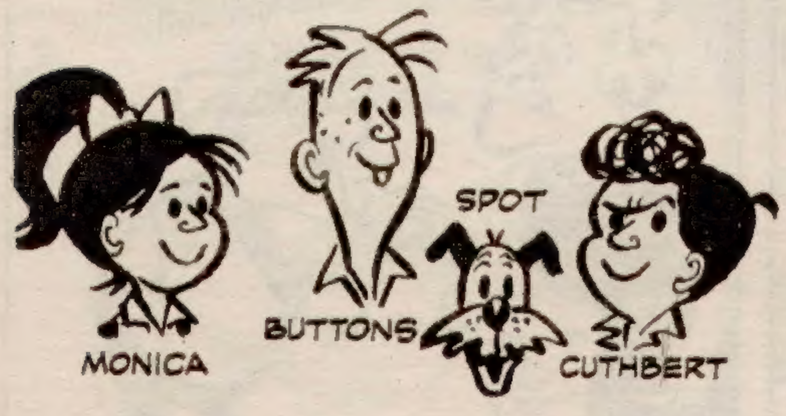
SPLASH!

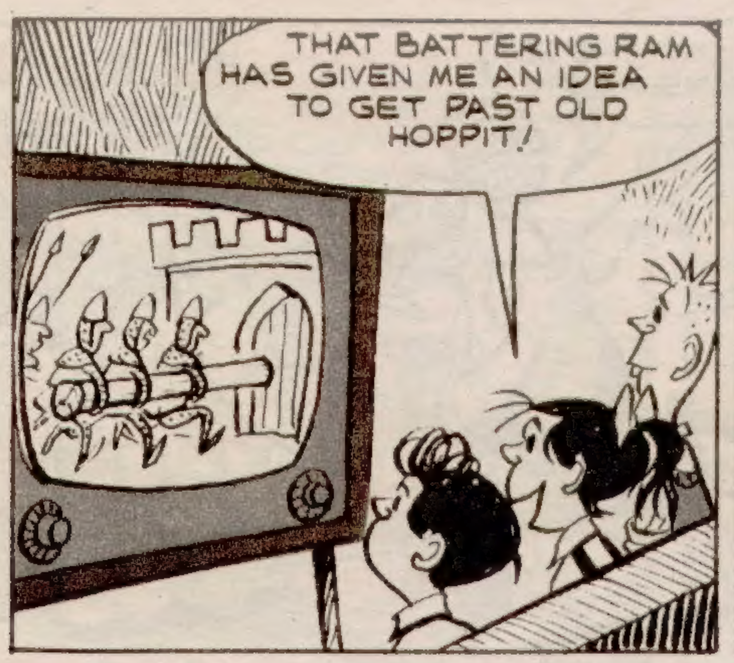
LOOKS LIKE I'VE CAUGHT THE BIGGEST "FISH" OF ALL TIME! HA-HA-HA-HA!

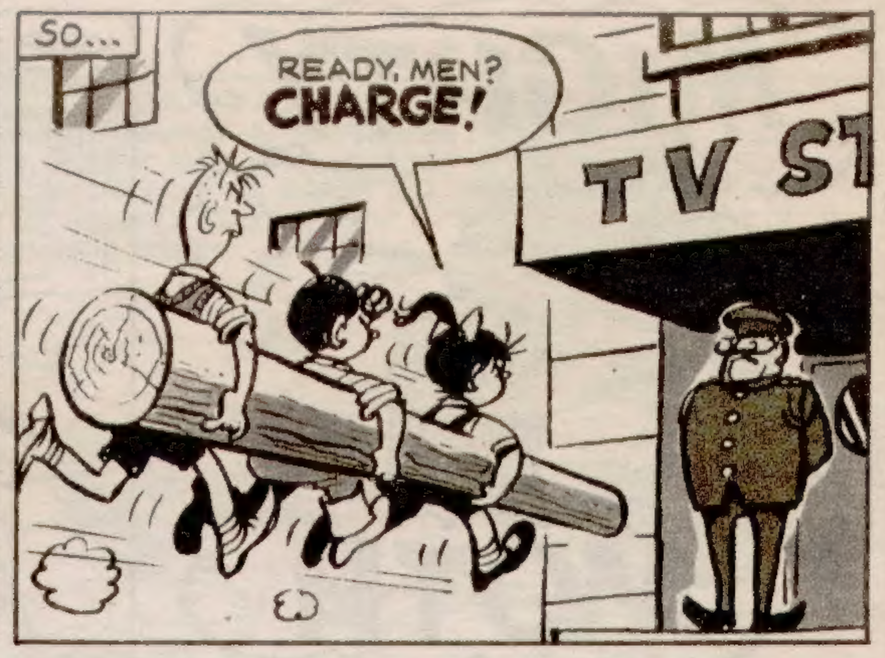
Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo"

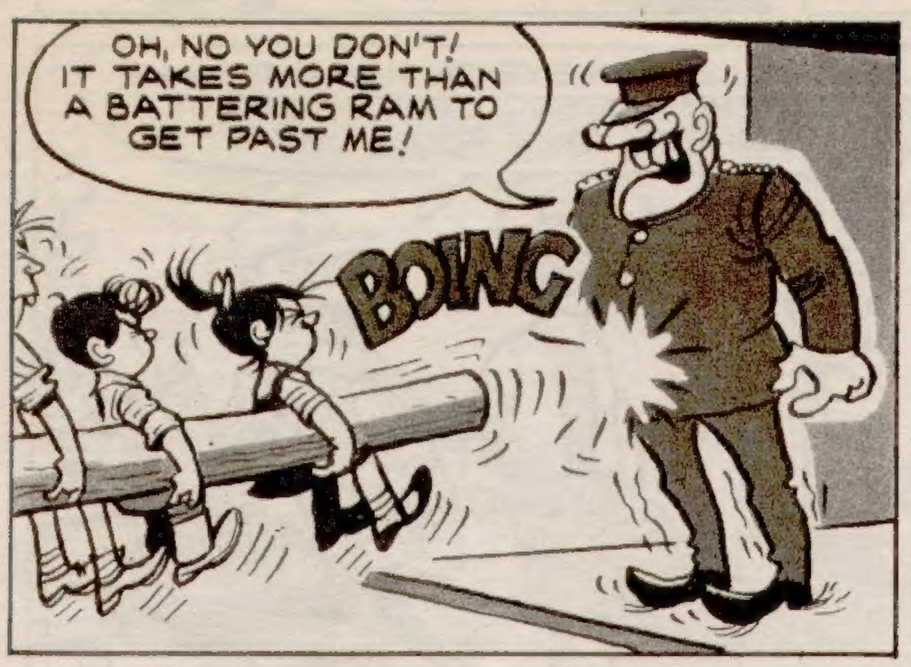
Next week, Foo Foo builds a garage!

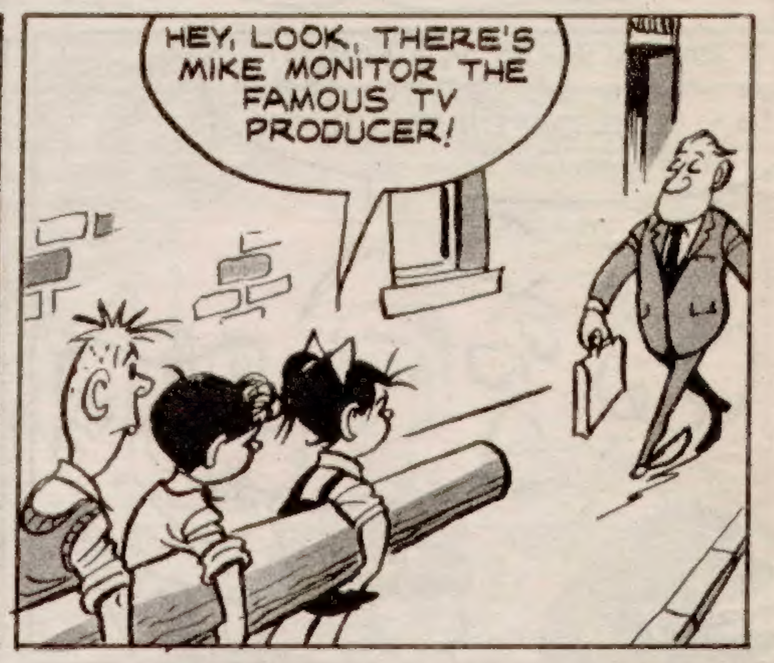
TV TERRORS

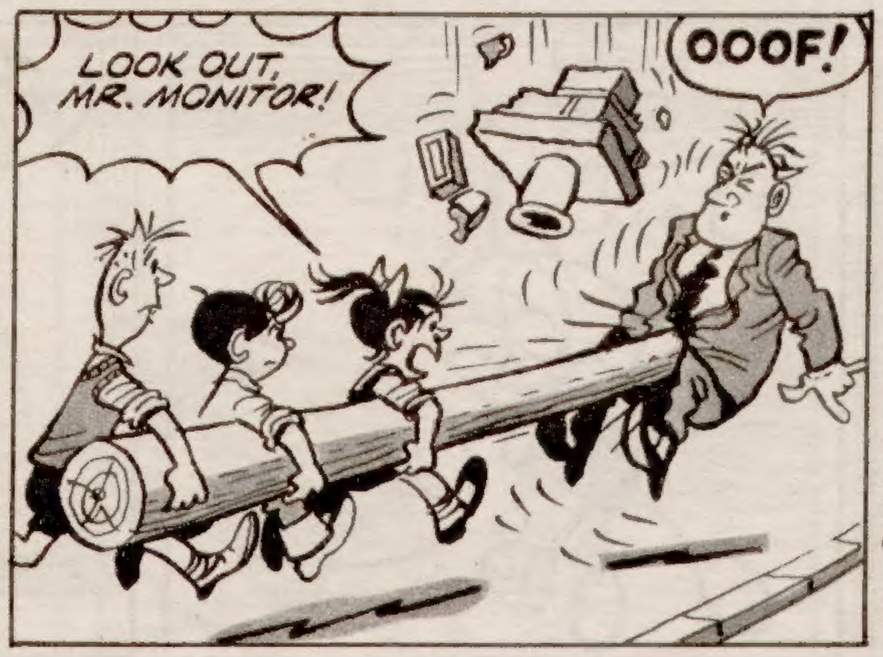


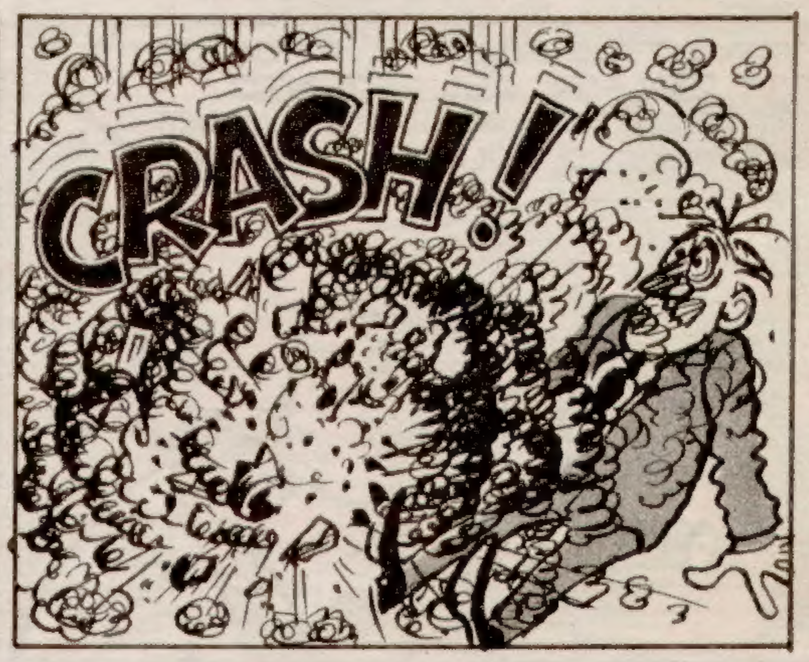






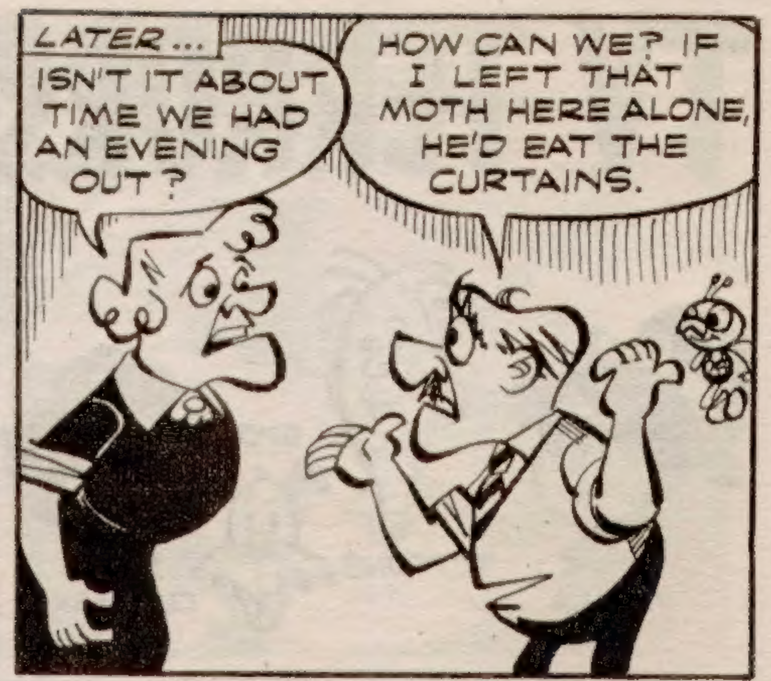


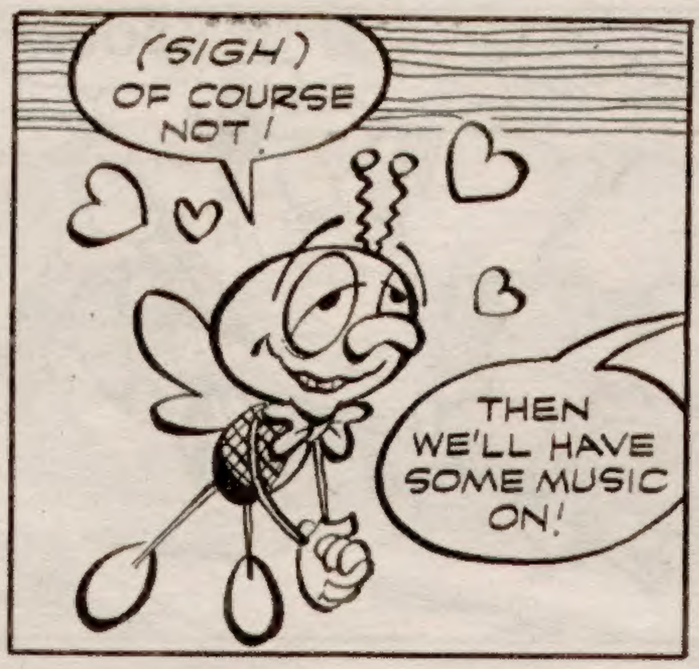


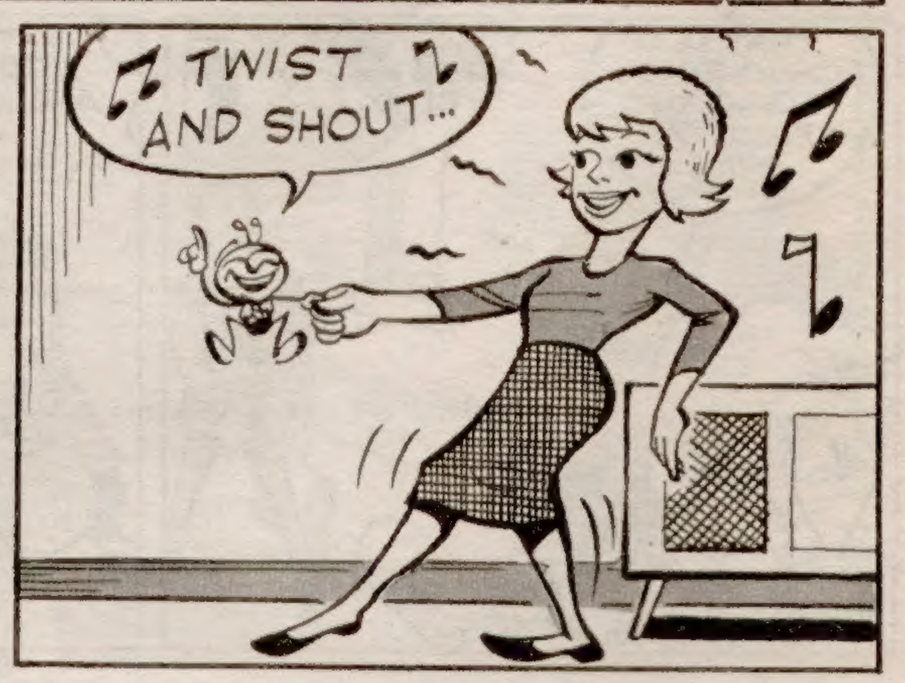


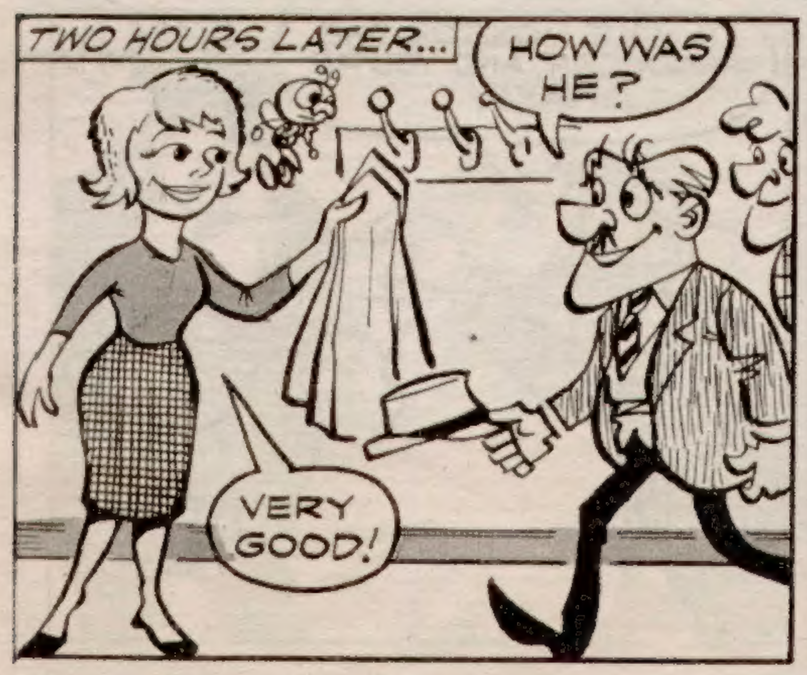
Next week, the Terrors have that sinking feeling!

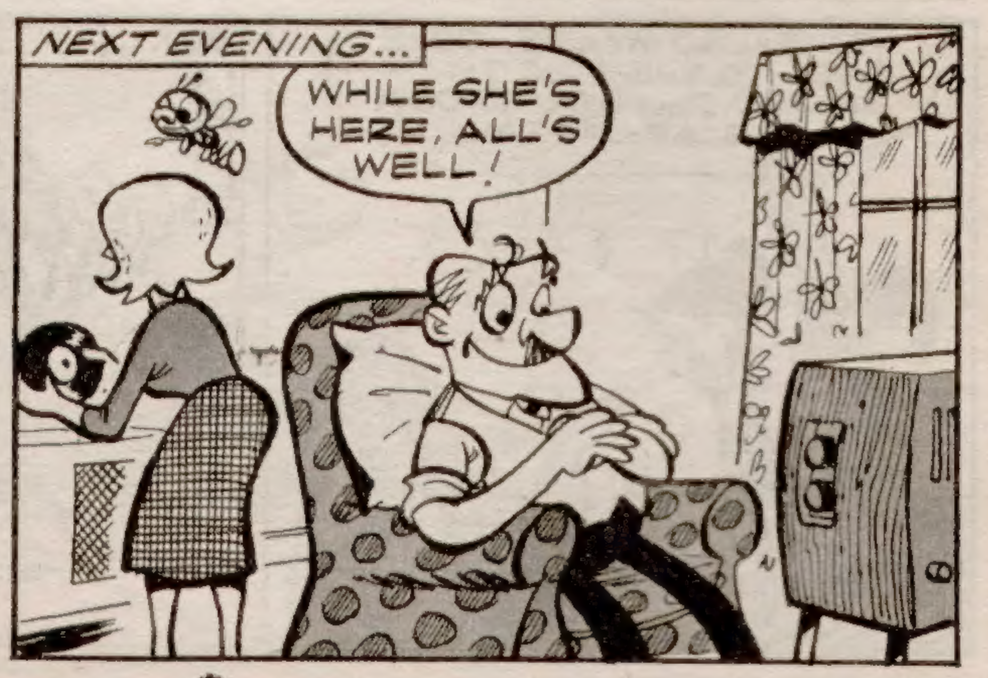
MIGHTY MOTH

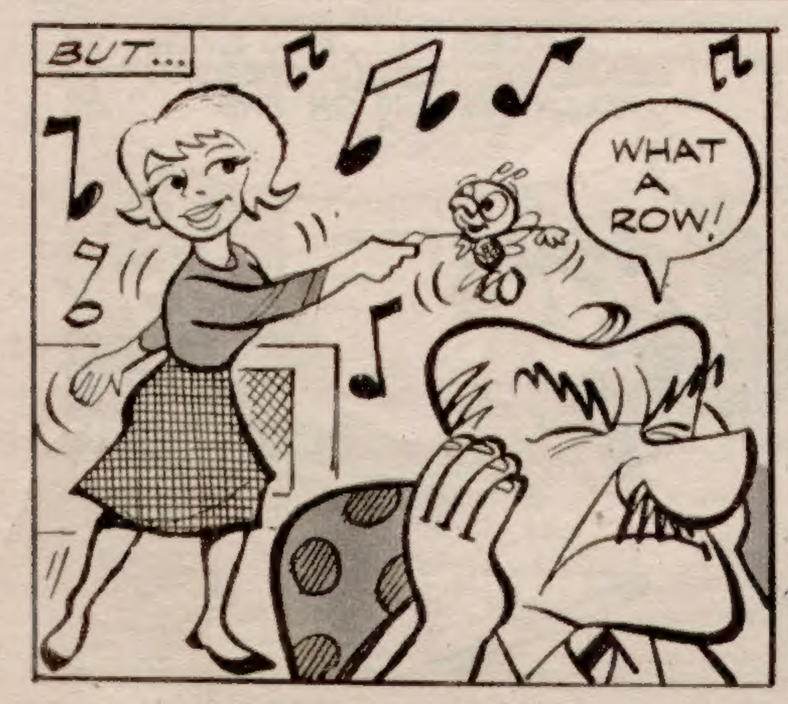






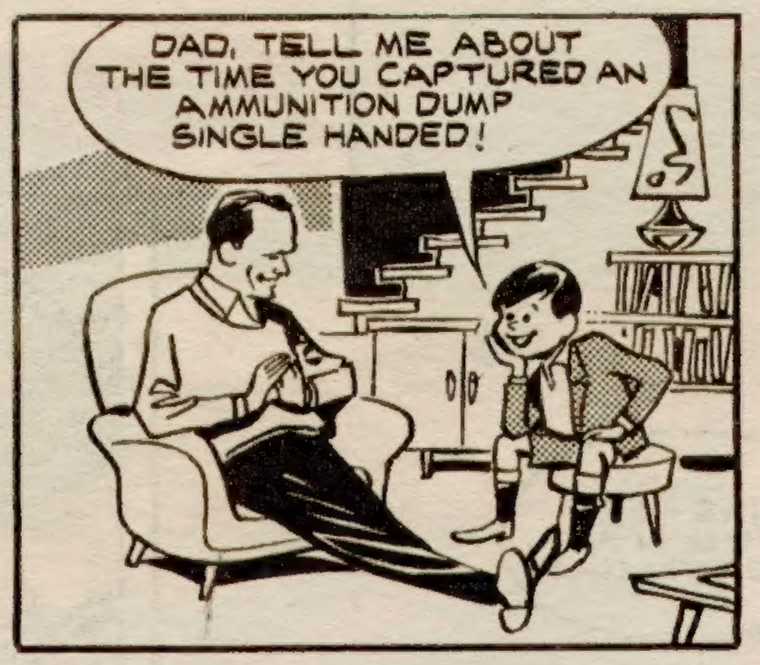




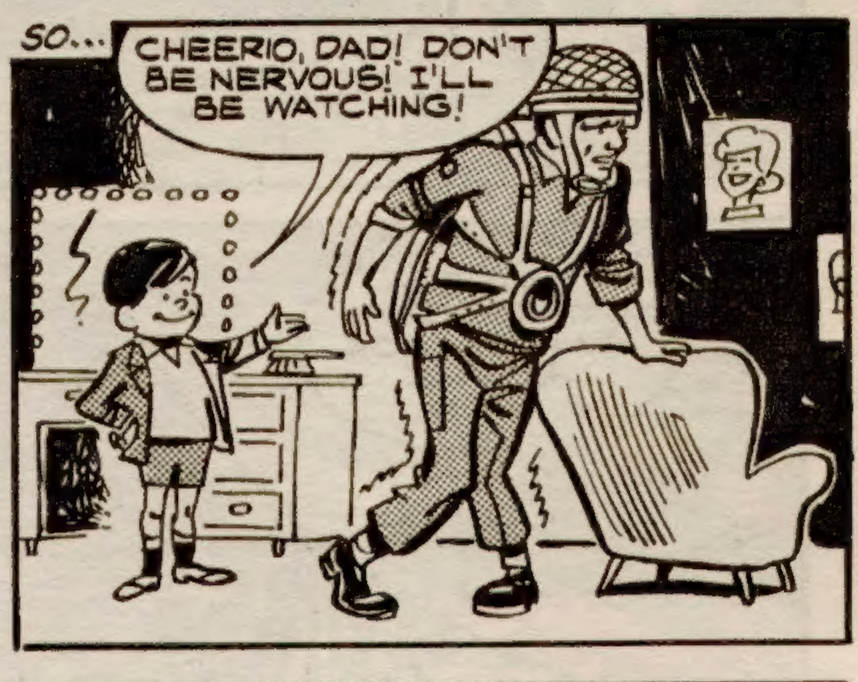


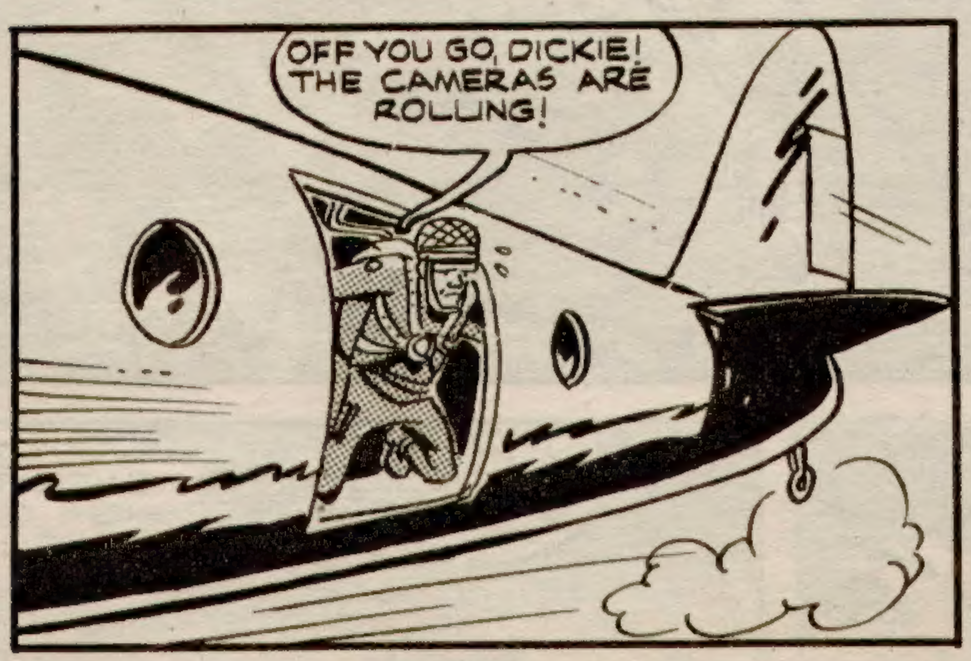
Don't miss Mighty Moth in the TV COMIC HOLIDAY SPECIAL!

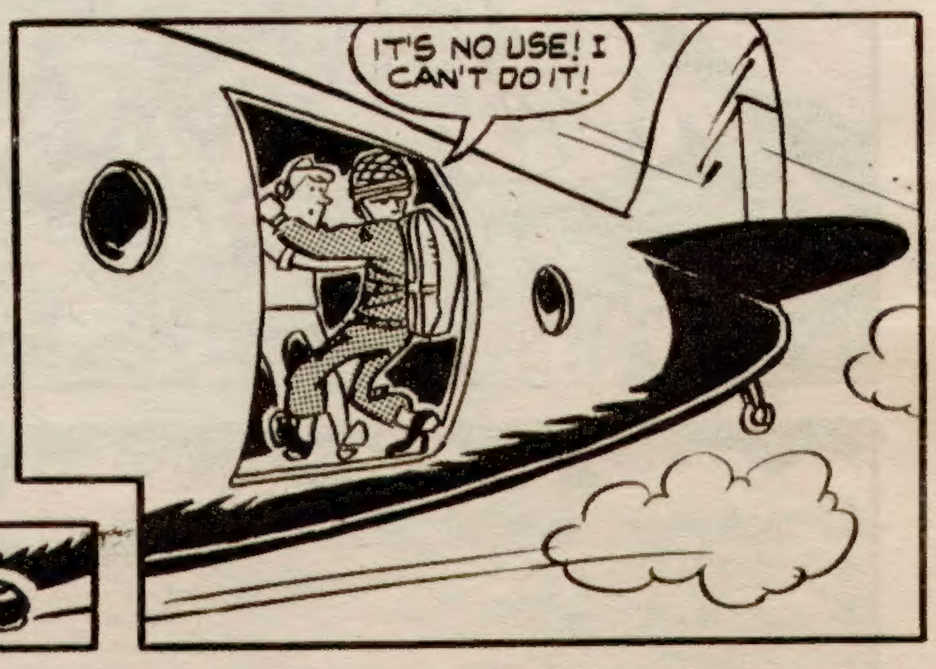
THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY

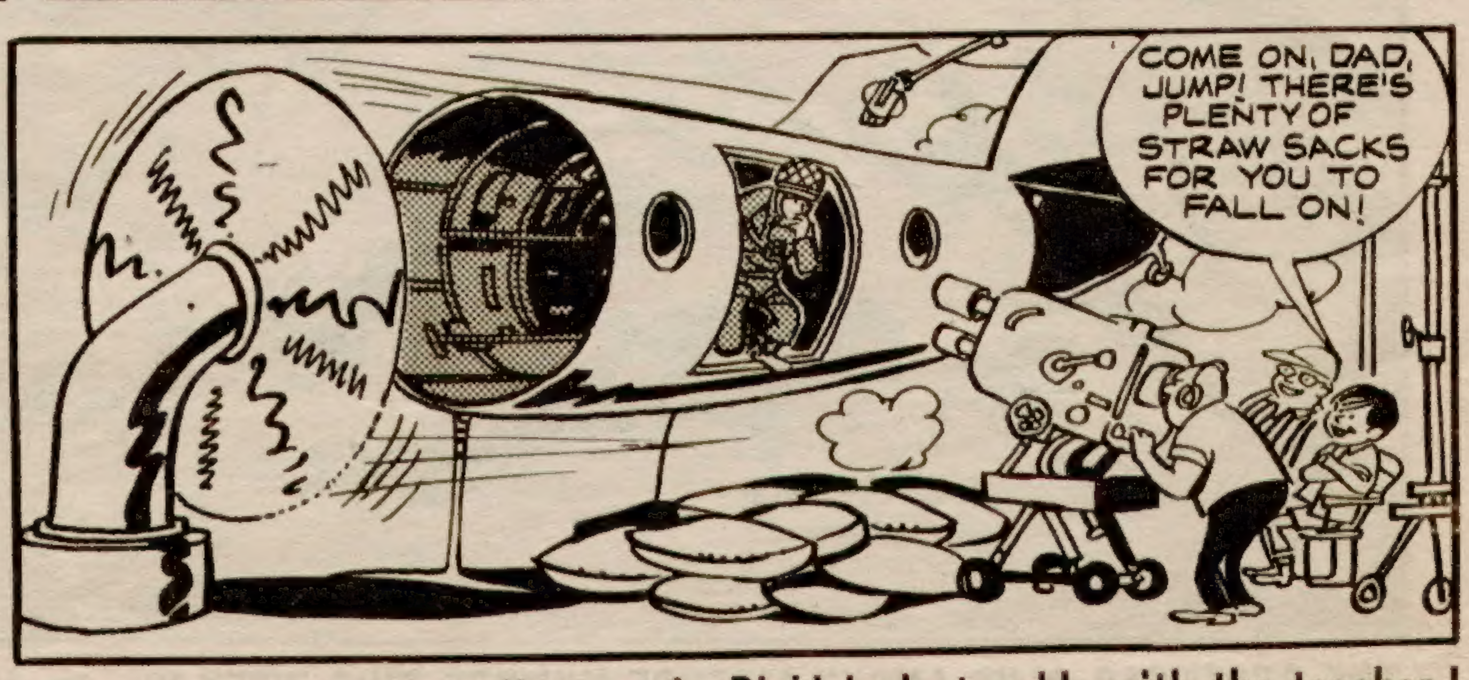


HALLO, DICKIE—WE'RE SHOOTING THE SCENE OF YOUR PARACHUTE JUMP TODAY!
OH WELL, YOU WON'T BE NEEDING ME THEN! YOU'LL BE USING A STUNT MAN!









Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show"

Next week, Dickie's in trouble with the teacher!

SUPERCAR

BASED ON THE A.P. FILMS LTD. AND ASSOCIATED TELEVISION LTD. SERIES "SUPERCAR".

ENJOY YOURSELF AT THE SCOUT CAMP, JIMMY - BUT KEEP OUT OF MISCHIEF!

OKAY, MIKE - SEE YOU IN A FORTNIGHT!

GOOD, I'VE REMEMBERED THE THOUGHT PROJECTOR... I SHOULD HAVE FUN MAKING EVERYBODY BELIEVE THEY CAN SEE THINGS THAT AREN'T THERE!

"WE'RE RIDING ALONG ON THE CREST OF A WAVE AND THE SUN IS IN THE SKY..."

NO SUN AT THE MOMENT...HOPE IT DOESN'T RAIN BEFORE THE TENTS ARE UP!

RIGHT, BOYS - LET'S GET THE TENTS UP AND SETTLE IN!

FINE START TO A CAMP... LOOK AT THE RAIN!

AW, WELL - AT LEAST WE'RE DRY IN HERE!

BUT FURTHER UP THE VALLEY...

IT WON'T LAST OUT THIS STORM!

WELL, WE'VE WARNED ALL THE TOWNS DOWN THE VALLEY... THEY SHOULD BE EVACUATED BY NOW!

THERE SHE GOES!

YOU CAN'T SAVE... YOU MUST AND CARE F... THE OTHER BOYS!

LET ME GO! JIMMY! JIMMY!

WHAT'S WRONG, OFFICER?

GET EVERYONE TO HIGH GROUND, QUICKLY - THE DAM'S BURST!

RUN! RUN! THE TIDAL WAVE WILL HIT HERE SHORTLY!

THE THOUGHT-PROJECTOR! IT'S IN MY SHIRT!

THE SUPERCAR CLUB LUCKY LICENCE NUMBER THIS WEEK IS: 71,130

Don't miss next week's instalment of this thrilling Supercar

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THERE SHE GOES!

YOU CAN'T SAVE HIM! YOU MUST STAY AND CARE FOR THE OTHER BOYS!

LET ME GO! JIMMY! JIMMY!

MEVIN

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GET EVERYONE TO HIGH GROUND, QUICKLY - THE DAM'S BURST!

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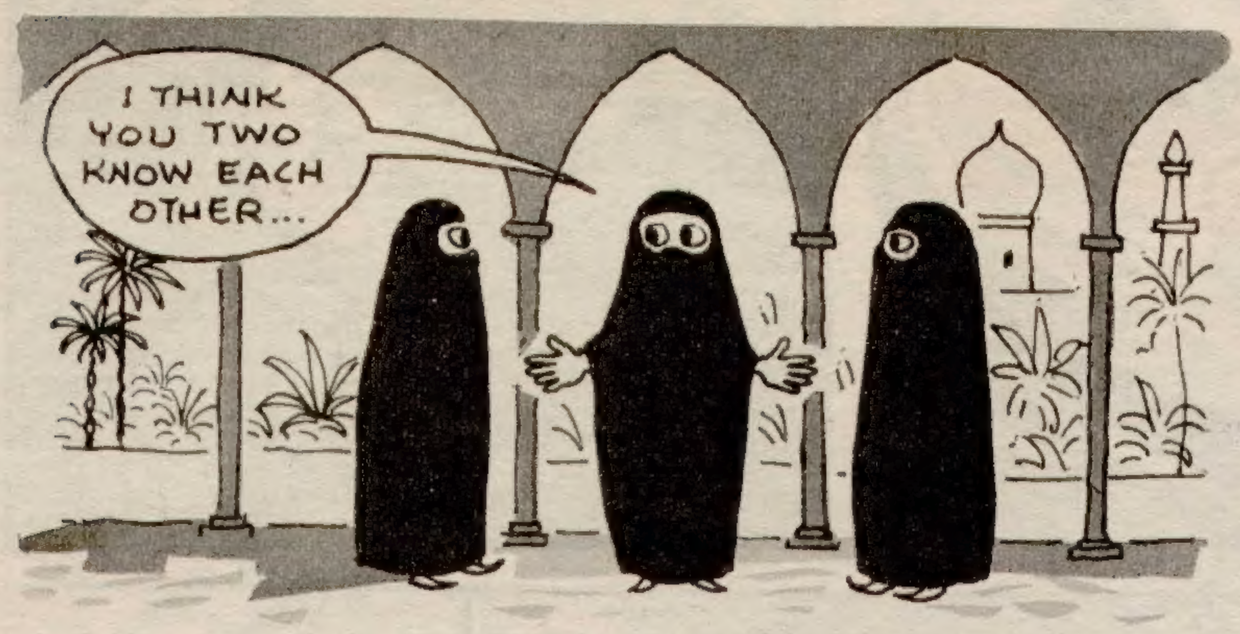
SUPERCAR CLUB LUCKY LICENCE NUMBER THIS WEEK IS: 71,130

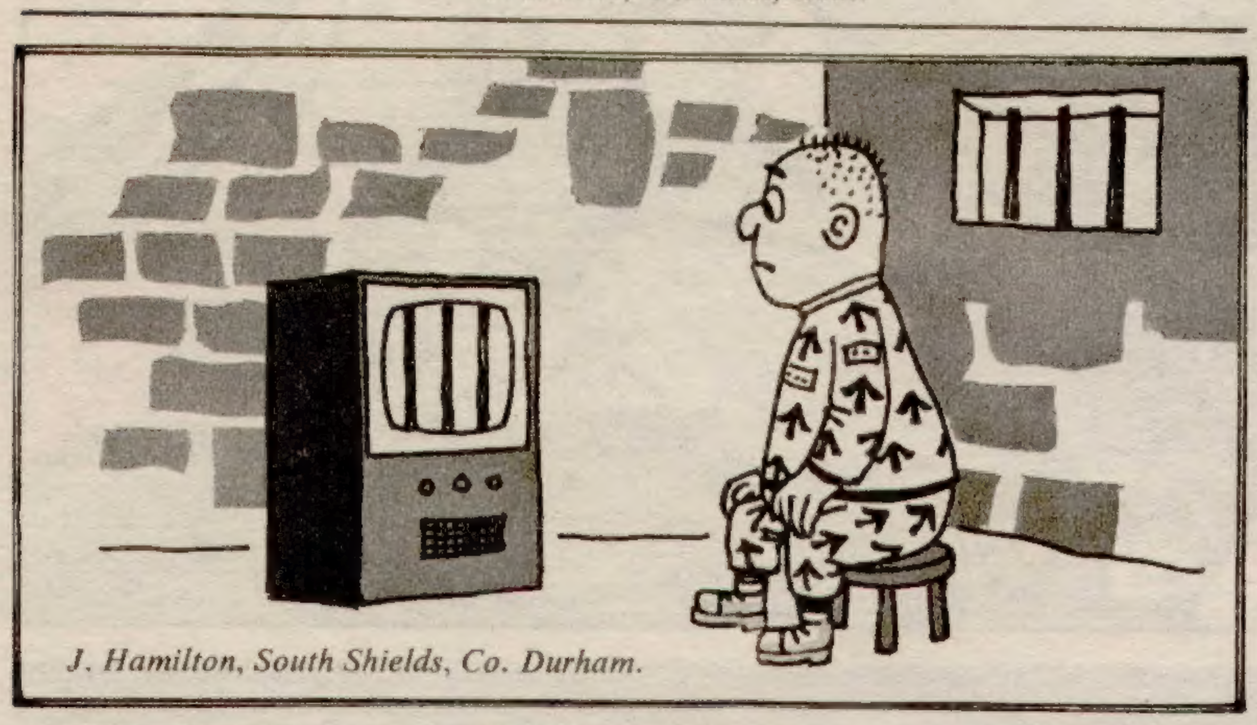
Don't miss next week's instalment of this thrilling Supercar story!

Pick of the Jokes

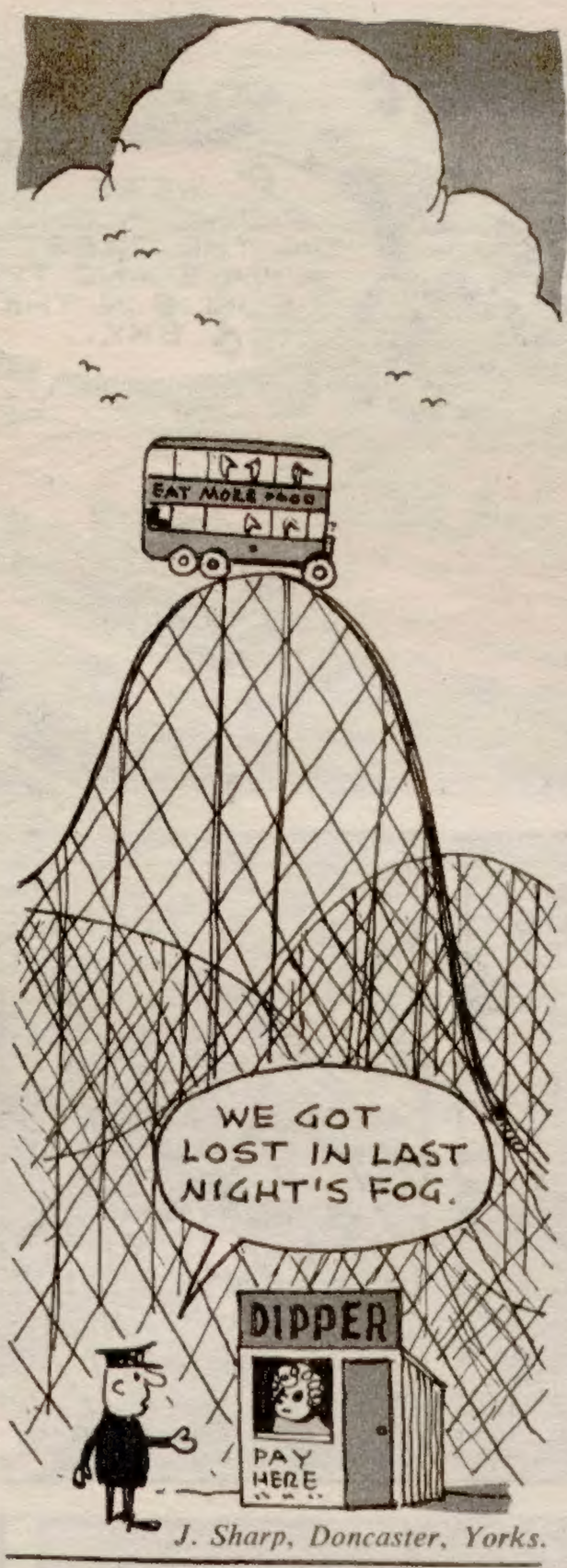
Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.



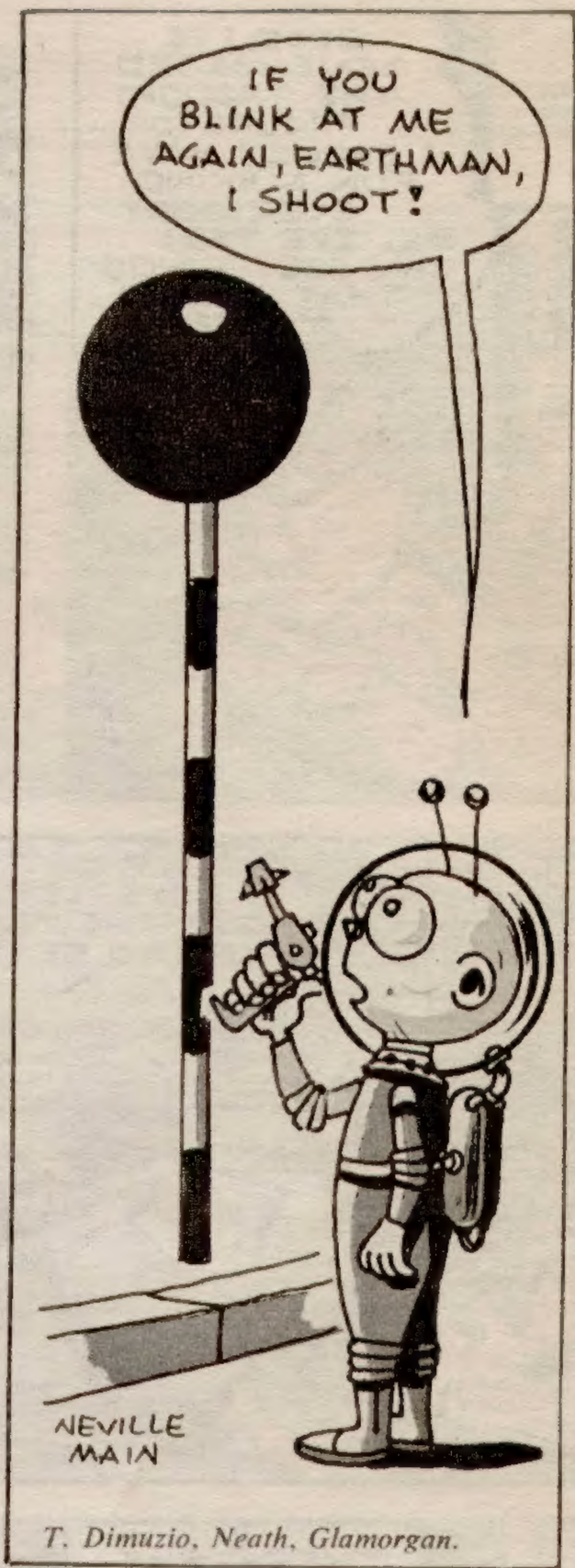
J. Brattle, Chatham, Kent.



J. Hamilton, South Shields, Co. Durham.



J. Sharp, Doncaster, Yorks.



T. Dimuzio, Neath, Glamorgan.

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All large—all genuine.
Approvals will also be sent.
Just send your name and address and 3d. stamp for postage.
Please tell your parents you are writing.

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(Dept. 915), Much Wenlock, Salop

144 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE!

Just send us your name and address and you will receive a wonderful packet of 144 different stamps ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE together with a selection of Approvals. Please enclose 3d. stamp for postage.

Tell your parents you are writing.

BRIDGNORTH STAMP CO. LTD.
(Dept. K133) BRIDGNORTH, SHROPSHIRE.

"THE BEST BADGE I'VE GOT!"

"This is my Blue Bird badge. It means I belong to the League of Pity. I sent off 2/6d., and got this badge, and the League magazine, and a Blue Egg Saving Box—to save as much money as I can for boys and girls who aren't as happy as me! Why don't *you* join, too?"

To THE LEAGUE OF PITY, VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2

Please enrol me as a member. I enclose 2/6d. postal order.

Name .....

Address .....

..... T.V.C.

At last! HERE THEY ARE!

20 BEETLE STAMPS FREE!

They had to come. 20 genuine large pictorial BEETLE Stamps (including 8 Fab Triangulars!). Depict beetles, bugs and things that bite in the night! Just ask for New Approvals, and enclose 3d. for postage and you will receive your genuine Beetle Stamps—Free!

PHILATELIC SERVICES Dept. TV.9, Eastrington, Goole, Yorks.

GIANT STAMP COLLECTION

120 DIFFERENT STAMPS 1/-

Bargain: **TOGO** Stamp Centenary set of 3 **CONGO** Red X (2); **MONGOLIA** Rockets (2); **RUSSIA** 1944 Allied Flag: (Value 3/-); **ALBANIA** old imperfs. **GT. BRITAIN** Edward VIII (3) and 1937 Coronation; **CHILE** Airmails (3); **UPPER VOLTA** Diamond; **CAMEROONS** Telstar. Many other unusual stamps from all over the world. Total 120 all different (worth 8/6). All for 1/- to introduce Bargain Approvals.

Ask for LOT TC 39

BROADWAY APPROVALS, 50 Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

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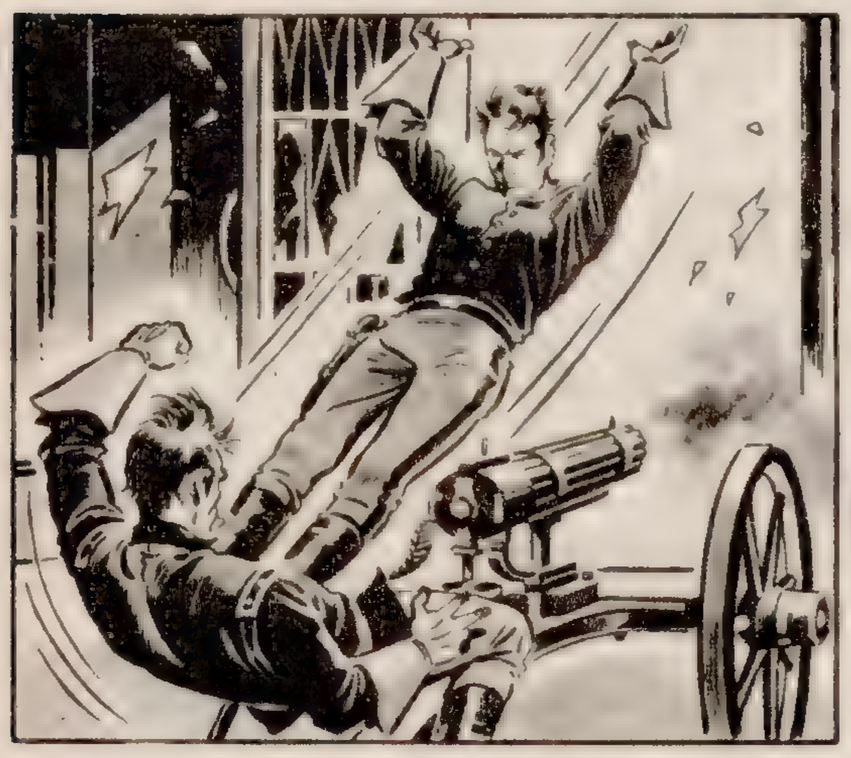
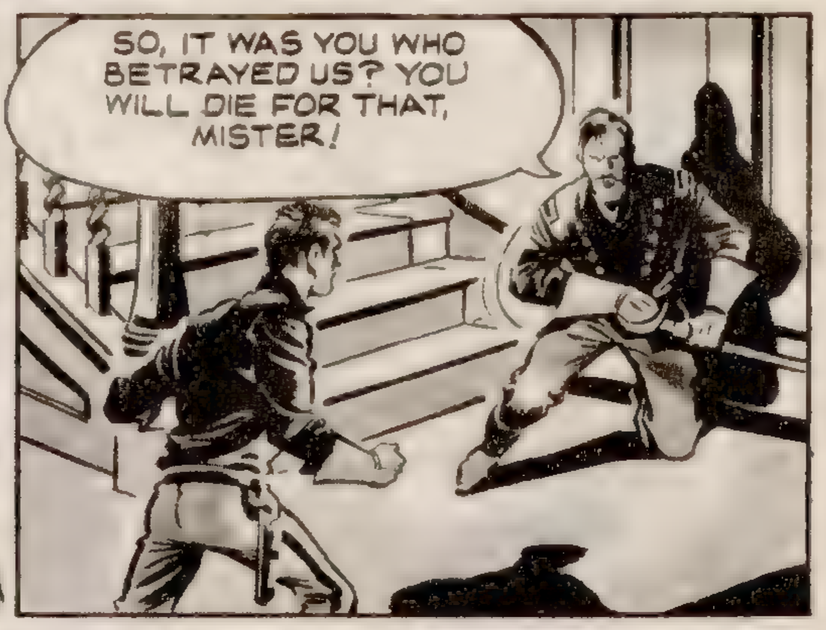
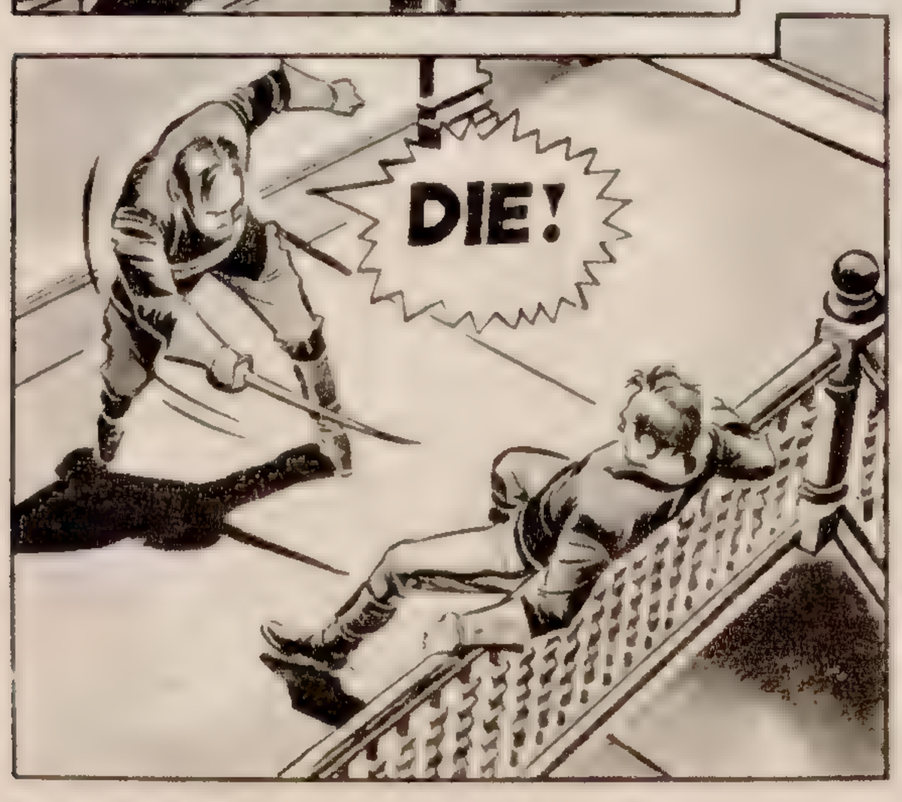
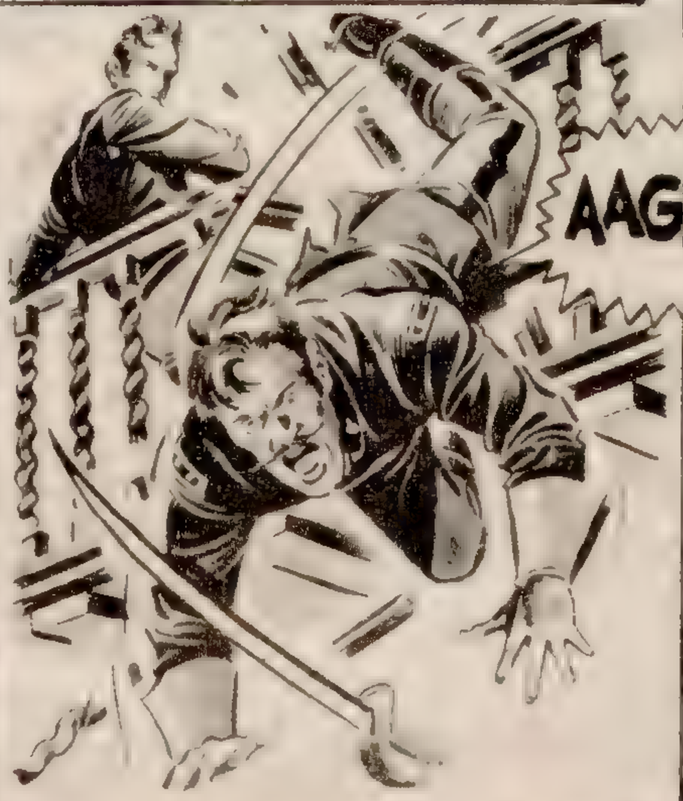
THE RANGE RIDER

ACTING as secret agents, the Range Rider and Dick West join a renegade army under the leadership of General Fox. The General plans to release and enlist the criminals housed in the State prison. Rider manages to get a message through to General Britt at Fort William. Fox's army is routed but Fox escapes and Rider tracks him to the Governor's mansion in Denver, Colorado . . .









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A thrilling new Range Rider story starts next week !

GET IN THE SWIM WITH TV COMIC

HOLIDAY SPECIAL

48 PAGES PACKED WITH FUN, THRILLS AND PUZZLES

ON SALE NOW—PRICE 1/6D

FEATURES INCLUDE :—

Supercar, Fireball XL5, Foo Foo, Popeye, Mighty Moth and three full-length stories.

DR. NOLAN'S TELEVARSITY

CLEAN GET-AWAY!

"A-A-A-SHOOO-O-O-O-O!" sneezed Boodle. "A-a-a-shoo-o-ooh!" Dr. Nolan nearly jumped out of his chair.

It seemed to Dr. Nolan that one of his robot vacuum cleaners was actually sneezing! As everyone knows, mechanical things do not sneeze, and Dr. Nolan came to the conclusion that he had been mistaken.

Hurriedly he pressed a button on his desk. This caused his chair to revolve, so that he was facing an array of TV screens. Each one showed a different class in Dr. Nolan's Televarsity, where all teaching was done by television.

"Boys!" said Dr. Nolan, speaking into a microphone. "Which one of you sneezed?"

The boys all stared at the screens in the classrooms, and their faces remained blank. Nobody had sneezed in Dr. Nolan's Televarsity—at least, nobody in the classrooms.

Dr. Nolan's first idea had been the right one. The robot cleaner beside him in his study had sneezed because William Boodle was inside it!

Bodger and Boodle were still in difficulties. If they had not hidden inside the vacuum cleaning robots they would have been caught by Dr. Nolan in his study when they had no right to be there. Worse than that, they had caused a lot of trouble in the school, although quite by accident, and Dr. Nolan was about to find them out.

On his desk lay the evidence. This consisted of two bundles of pyjamas and blankets, which the boys had forgotten and left in the control room. It was in the control room that they had pressed a lot of buttons and caused the trouble and if Dr. Nolan read the name-tags on the pyjamas, he would know who had caused it! While the headmaster's back was turned, Bodger had a brainwave. Lifting the brush-nozzle of the vacuum cleaner, he sucked in the jacket of his pyjamas from the edge of the desk. Then he whipped the nozzle down again and pretended to go on sweeping the carpet.

Boodle got the idea in a flash. Both boys could see through the slits in which the nozzles worked. With a swift movement, Boodle drew in his own pyjama jacket, then went on innocently sweeping the floor.

Dr. Nolan suddenly remembered that it was time to change the lessons. This could be done quite simply by changing the pre-recorded video tapes on the closed-circuit TV transmitters.

Seizing their opportunity, Boodle and Bodger swung the vacuum nozzles on to the desk and drew in both the pyjama trousers and the blankets, so that all the 'evidence' was in the bag! When Dr. Nolan spun back to his desk, his face wore a look of blank surprise.

What had happened to the two bundles that had been placed there?

It was a great mystery to Dr. Nolan.

"What—what?" he stuttered. "What—what—what——?"

At that moment, unfortunately, Boodle felt another sneeze coming on.

"A-sho-o-o-o-ooooh!" he gulped. "A-a-a-a-a-sho-o-o-ooooh!"

"Yoo-o-o-o-oooop!" said Dr. Nolan, gasping with shock.

There was no doubt about the sneeze this time. It really came out of the robot! With a wild leap, Dr. Nolan sprang up to see what was the matter, and poor Boodle went into a panic.

Thinking the kindly headmaster was going to attack him, he raised his nozzle and waggled it in self-defence, causing something like a gale to swoop over Dr. Nolan's desk —Whooo-o-o-o-o-ooooosh!

Like a good pal, Bodger rushed to Boodle's aid, but this only made further trouble, for as well as sweeping up papers, he caught the tail of Dr. Nolan's gown, and the startled headmaster yelled with astonishment.

"Ow! Yow! What—whatever is happening?"

It was too late for Bodger to stop. Wriggling frantically, Dr. Nolan got out of his gown, which went up the spout along with the papers. At the same time, Dr. Nolan appeared to go up the wall, for it seemed to him that the two robots were deliberately chasing him.

Dr. Nolan was being cleaned by his own cleaners!

If everybody had kept calm, things might have been different. But Dr. Nolan was far from calm. Yelling wildly, he rushed from his study. And Bodger and Boodle, unable to think of anything better to do, rushed after him.

Yelps came from them as the rollers on the robots nearly ran over their own feet. Needless to say, they were pushing the metal cylinders by their own efforts, and it was only at the last moment that Bodger thought of sidestepping from the travelator behind Dr. Nolan.

"Upstairs, pal!" he gasped. "We've gotta get out of this."

"You're telling me!" groaned Boodle.

Up the ramp they went, gliding thankfully on the travelator, while Dr. Nolan whizzed on round the corridor on the ground floor. Dr. Nolan was going for the technicians, But Bodger and Boodle were going for safety!

Sidestepping again from the travelator, they came to rest outside their dormitory, and Bodger fiddled hurriedly with the catch that held the door-flap of his robot. Swinging this open, he leaped out to help Boodle, who wasn't so quick at things like that.

"Get your clothes, pal," Bodger gasped. "Don't leave 'em in the dust bag."

Emptying his own dust-bag, he found Dr. Nolan's gown as well, and this made him pause a moment as he tried to think what to do with it. Then with another of his brainwaves, he shoved it back in the bag and slammed the flap.

"Right!" he cried. "Shove 'em both on the travelator."

It was the right idea. The two empty—or almost empty—robots went trundling off on the moving floor, while Bodger and Boodle rushed into the dormitory and dumped their bundles in their lockers.

Almost without stopping, they stormed off then to the bathroom, for both were badly in need of a good clean.

Meanwhile, Dr. Nolan had found the technicians. The men came back with him to find out what had gone wrong with the robots.

"Can't understand it, sir," one man said. "The control-box is completely out of order."

"Indeed, that I can believe," snorted Dr. Nolan. "They—they actually attacked me. But, tell me, would that cause them to make a noise like a sneeze?"

The two men stared at Dr. Nolan as though they thought he had gone off his head.

"N-n-no, sir—not in our experience."

Stalking back to his study, Dr. Nolan was thinking deeply. What kind of technical hitch could cause a sneeze? Was it possible that some boy had been playing a very bad practical joke on him?

Dr. Nolan was very suspicious. Moving a switch on his control panel, he called Tom Ranger, the school Captain.

"Ranger!" he exclaimed. "Those two new boys, Bodger and Boodle. Bring them at once to my study."

"Yes, sir," gasped Tom. "Where—where are they, sir?"

"Ah!" said Dr. Nolan grimly. "That is what I want to know!"

Bodger and Boodle were scrubbing like mad. Towelling rapidly, they stormed back to the dormitory, where all the beds were now down in a row.

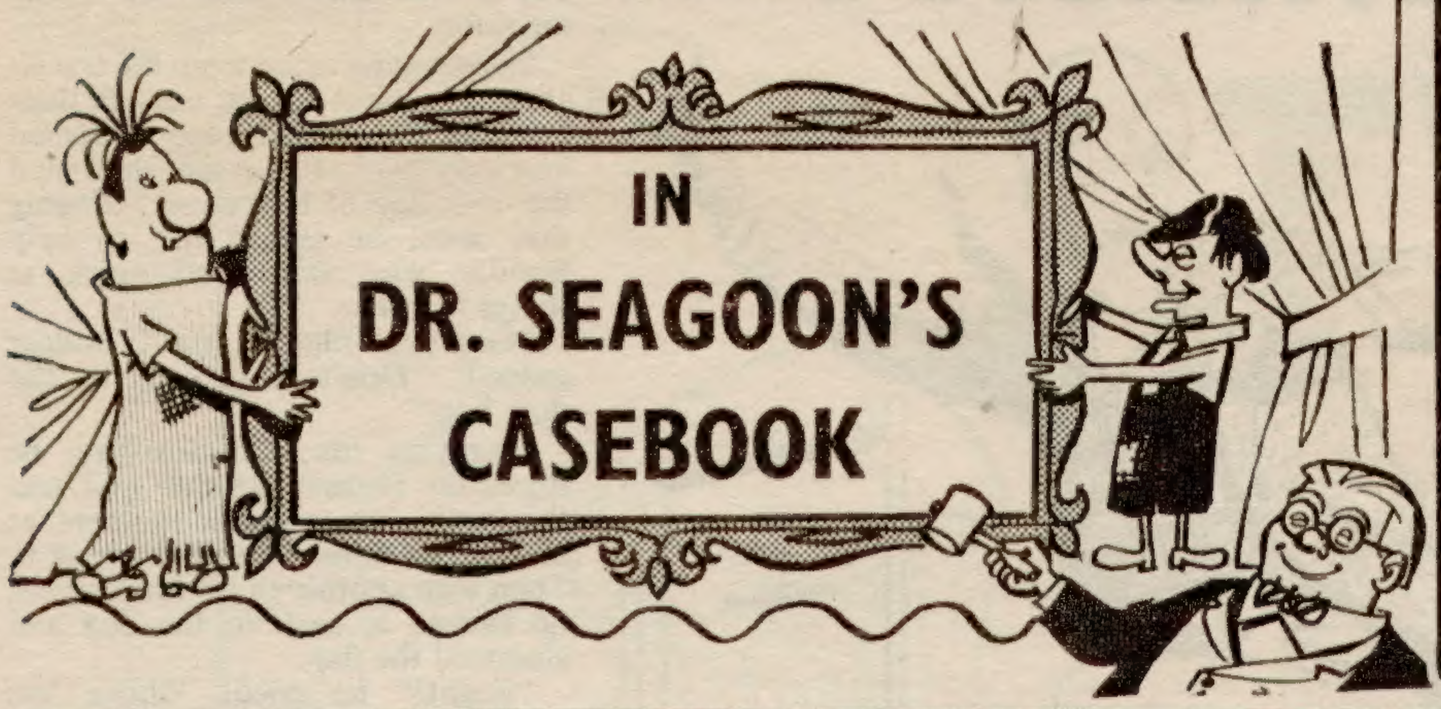
In two minutes they were dressed and haring down to the Fourth Form room, where they reached their desks just as Tom Ranger entered in search of them.

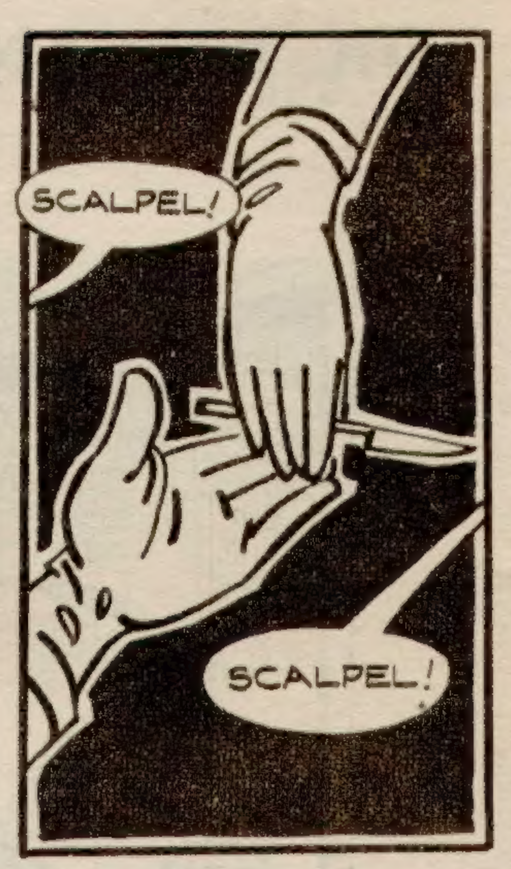
"You two," he said. "Step lively. Dr. Nolan wants to see you at once in his study."

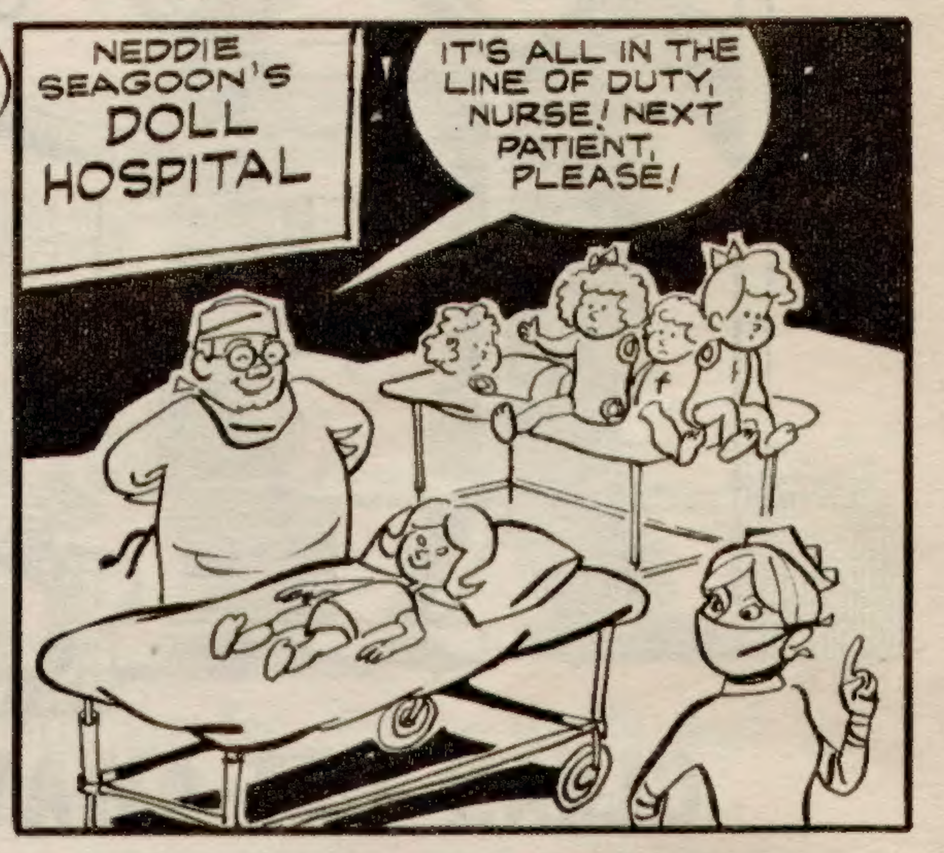
It was a severe shock to Bodger and Boodle. Just when they had thought all their troubles were over, it seemed they were about to begin again . . .!

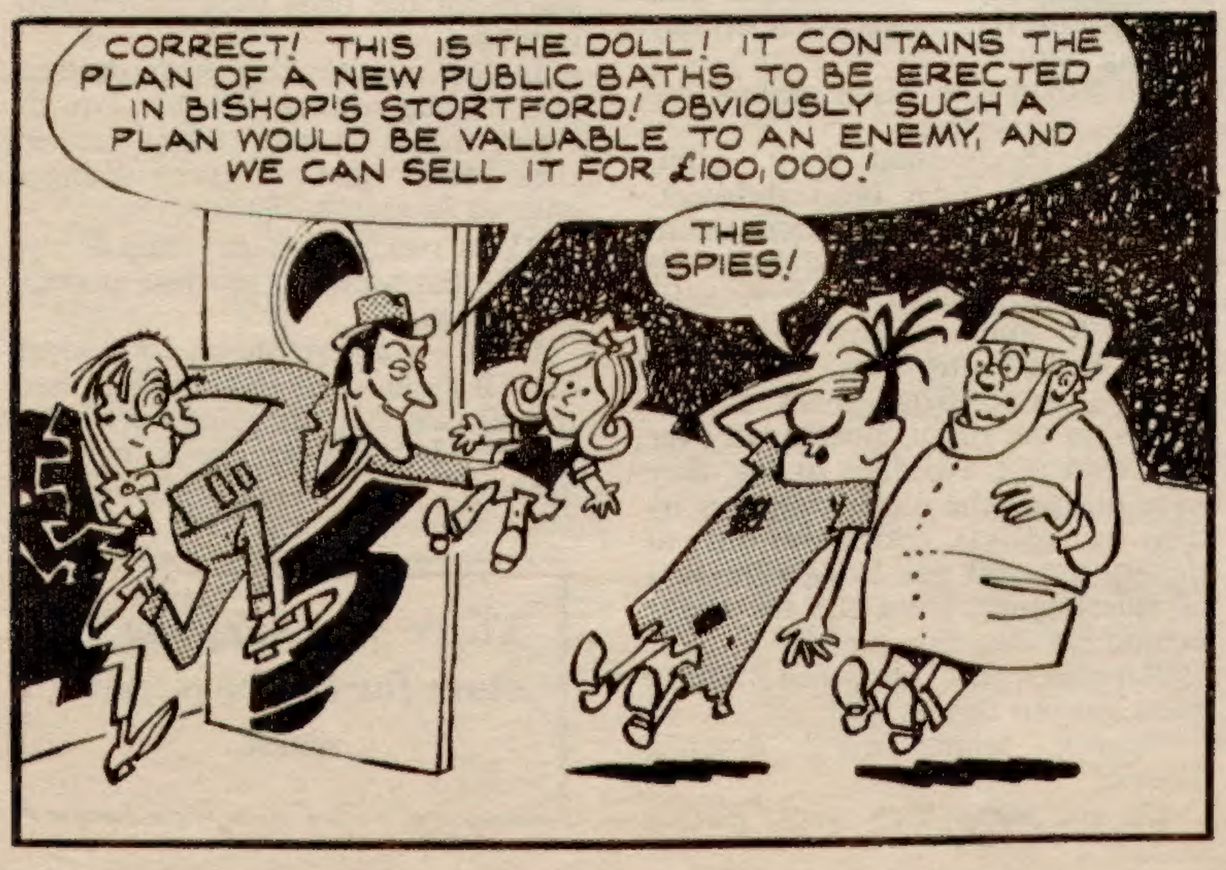
There is a surprise in store for the boys, next week.

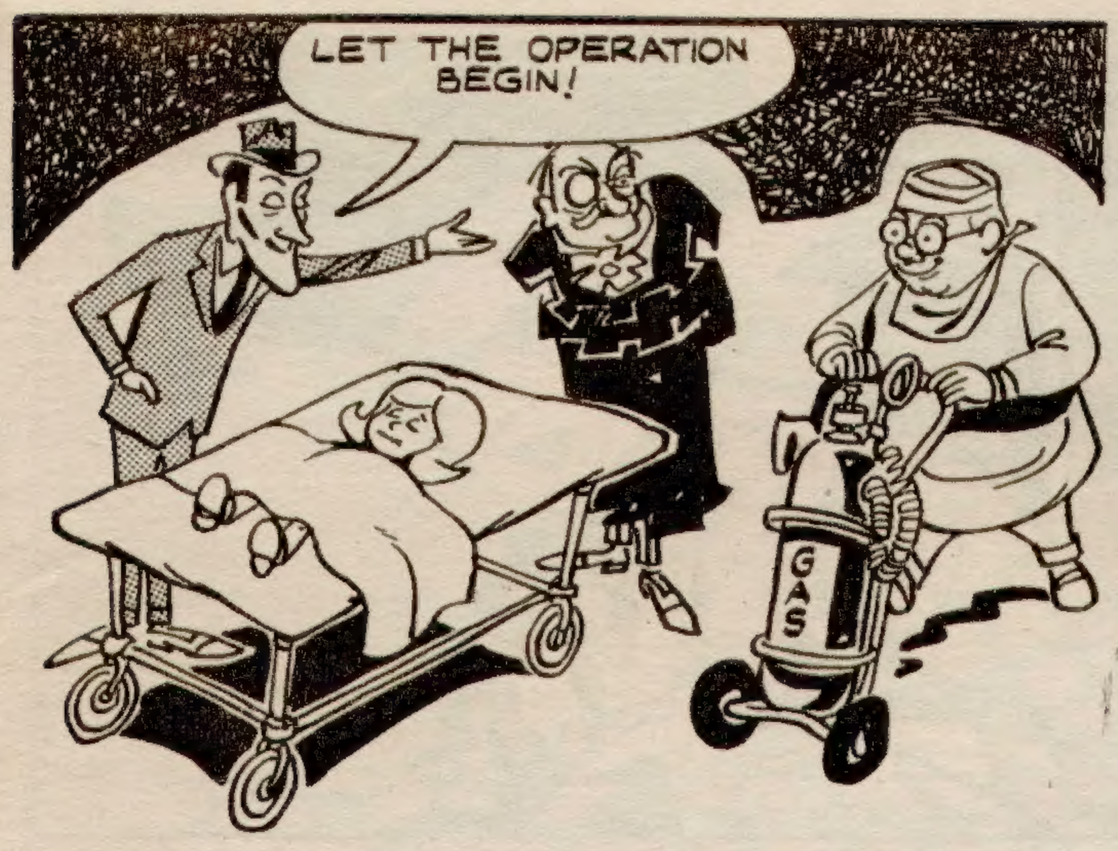
THE TELEGOONS IN DR. SEAGOON'S CASEBOOK

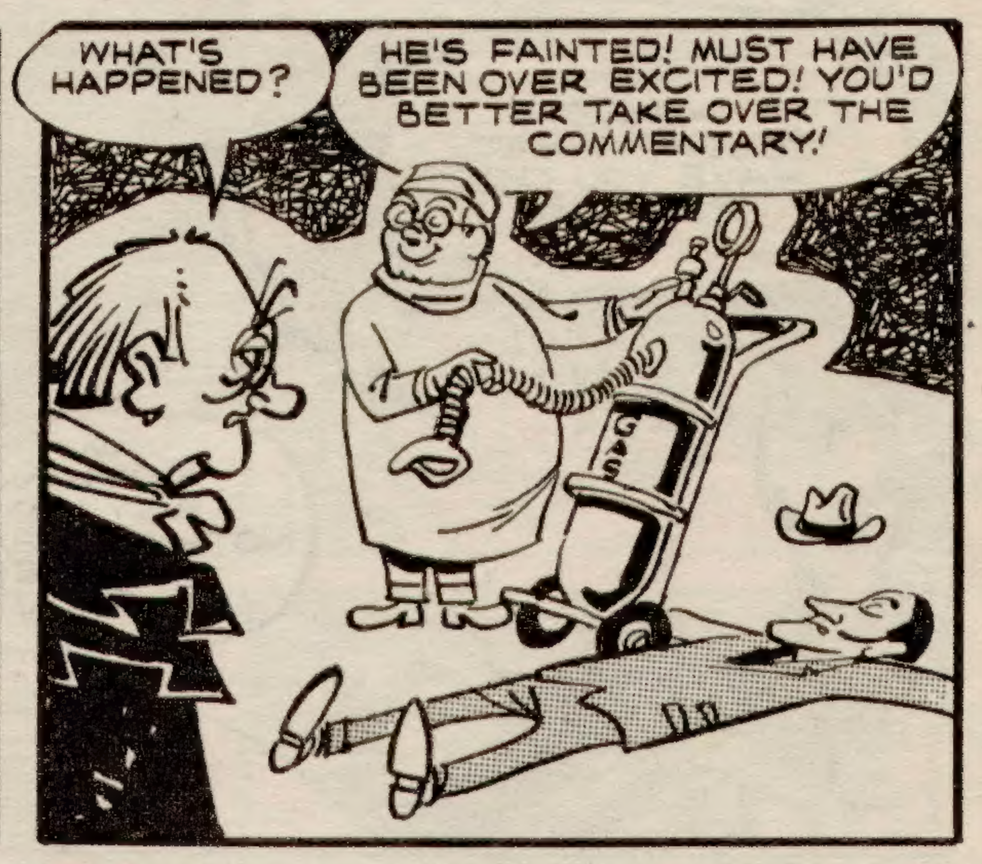


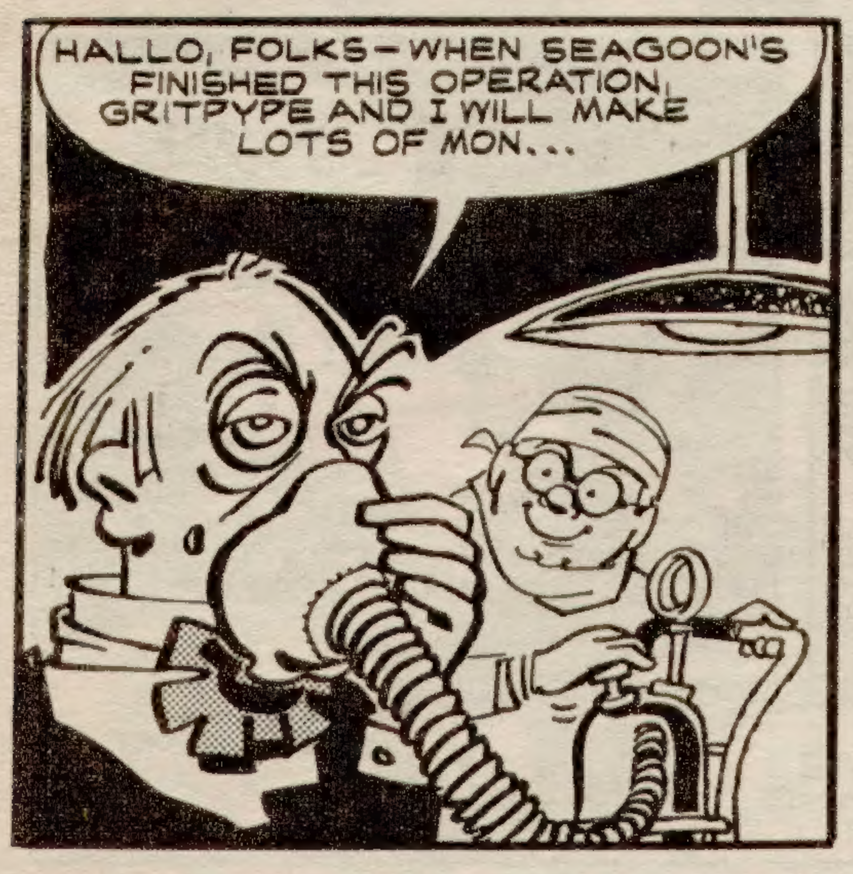


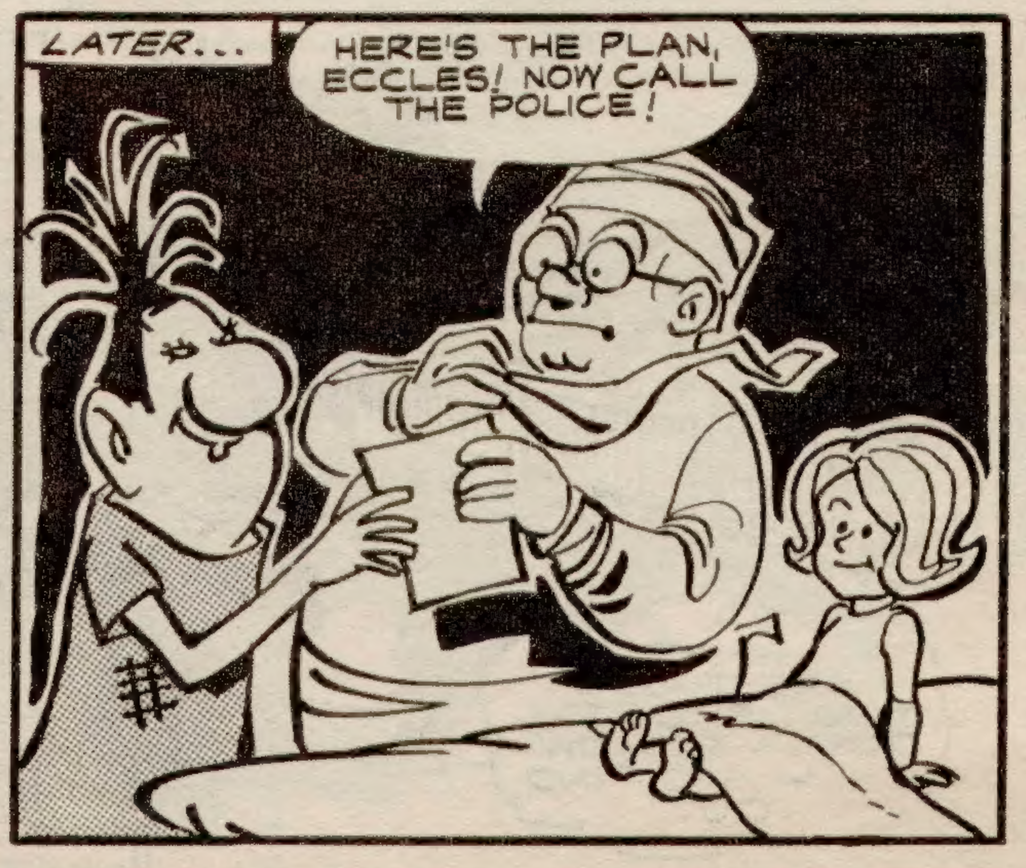


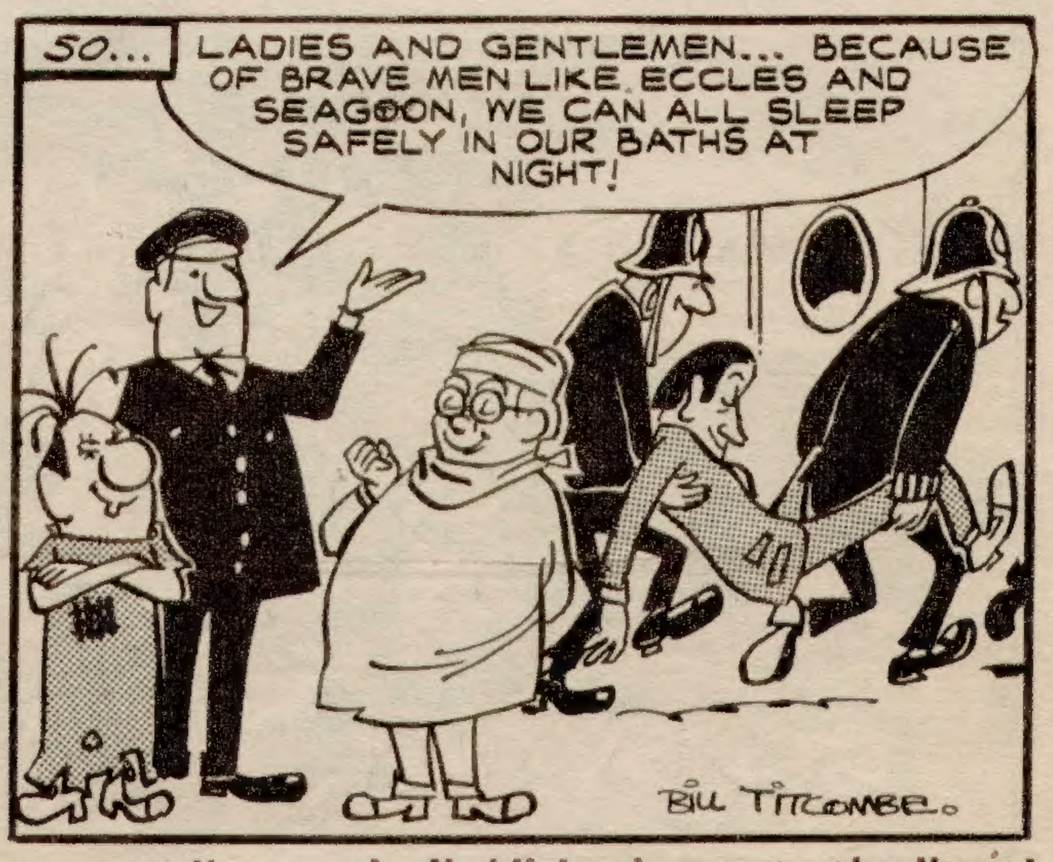

CORRECT! THIS IS THE DOLL! IT CONTAINS THE PLAN OF A NEW PUBLIC BATHS TO BE ERECTED IN BISHOP'S STORTFORD! OBVIOUSLY SUCH A PLAN WOULD BE VALUABLE TO AN ENEMY, AND WE CAN SELL IT FOR £100,000!
THE SPIES!





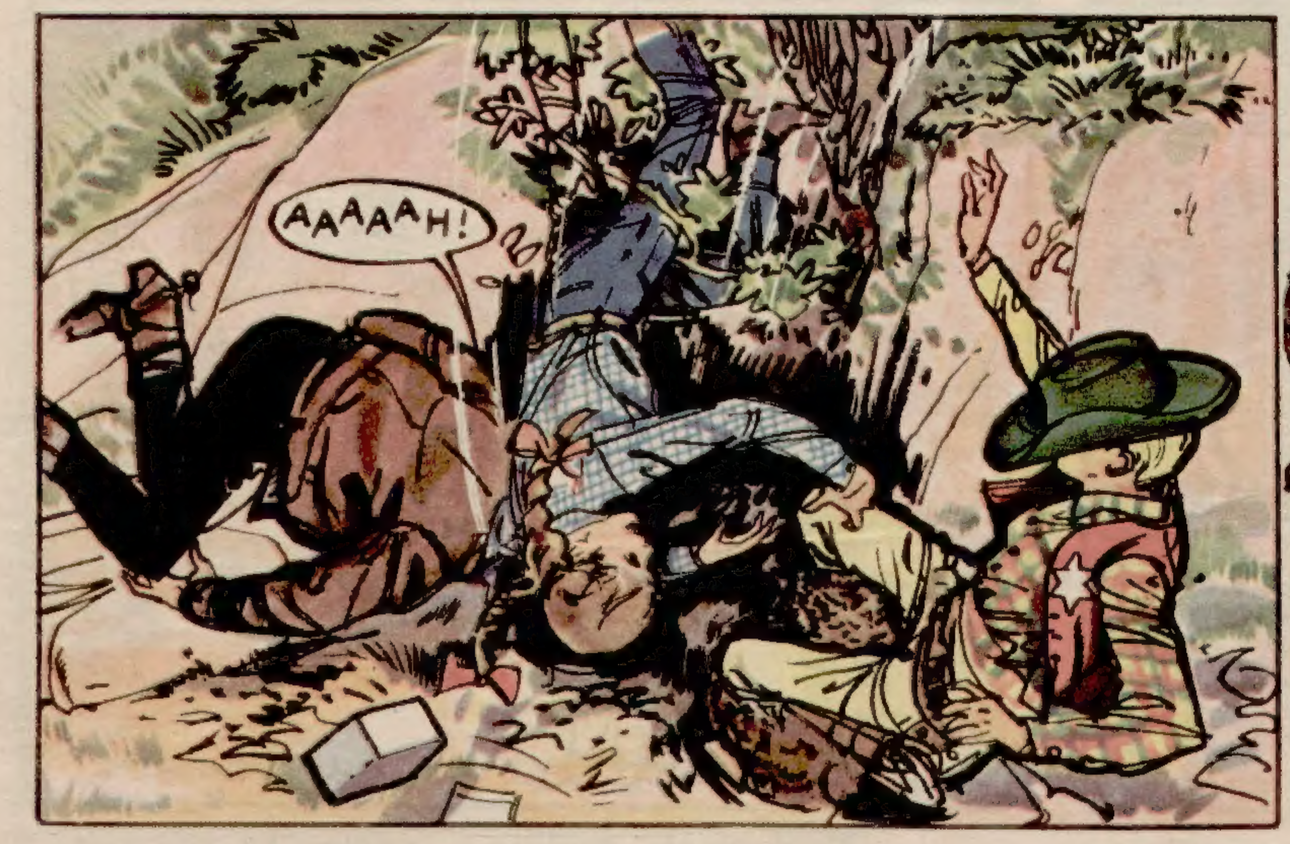





SO...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... BECAUSE OF BRAVE MEN LIKE ECCLES AND SEAGOON, WE CAN ALL SLEEP SAFELY IN OUR BATHS AT NIGHT!
BILL TITCOMBE.

Next week, Neddie's thrown to the lions!

The MILKY BAR KID



Next week, Beed lands a catch!